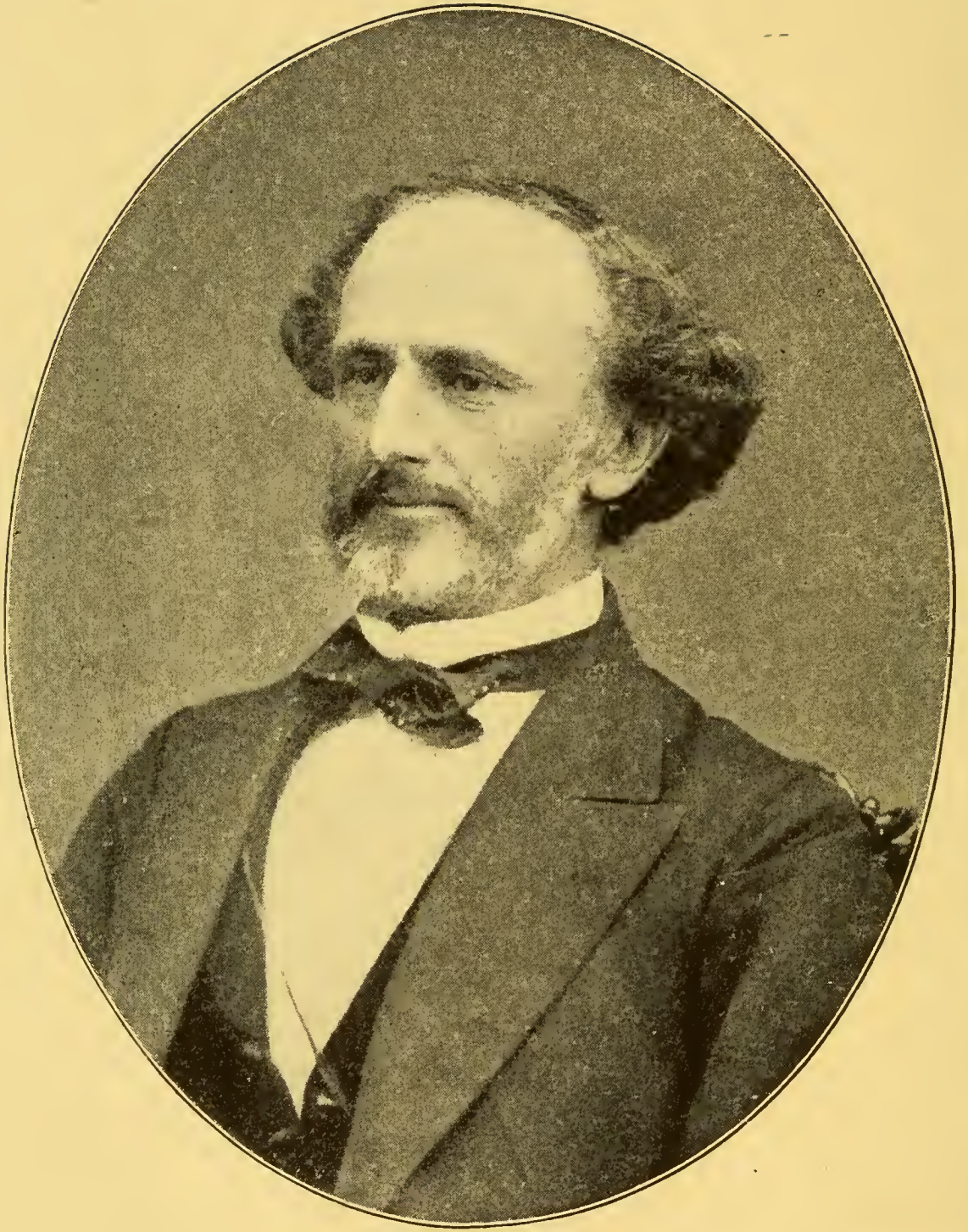


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F. P. A. Brownell

F U R T H E R L I G H T

AND OTHER POEMS WRITTEN FOR MASONIC OCCASIONS.
ALSO TRIBUTES TO HIS FRIEND ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By

HENRY PELHAM HOLMES BROMWELL.

(*Baltimore* — 1823 ————— 1903 — *Denver*)

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*"If I should, Bromwell, ever write a book
Entitled 'Men who worthy prove of fame',
I would the work begin with your pure name,
Before I would to any other look;
I'd show how, when your country undertook
Herself to save from going down in shame,
You, in her councils, to her rescue came,
And did all opposition boldly brook.
You I would range with honest Washington,
With Madison, and Jefferson, and Clay,
And Daniel Webster, that broad blazing star,
Who, while he shone, Secession held at bay
You too shall honored be for what you've done,
If ever right and justice have their way."*

Theophilus Van Deren.

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B I O G R A P H I C A L N O T E S.

[*From the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Illinois, 1903, p. 142;*]

"Henry Pelham Holmes Bromwell, Past Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Illinois, (serving in 1865) and honorary member of the Grand Lodge of Colorado, jurist, author, and legislator. Born, August 26, 1823. Died, January 9, 1903. (Master of Charleston Lodge No. 35, 1858-59-60-61-62-63.)

"Brother Henry Pelham Holmes Bromwell was a fitting example for any man to safely follow, no matter how exalted his station in life. He was a descendant of Puritan stock. He was a material factor in the formation of the laws and history of two states of the Union, and, to some extent, of the Nation at large.

"As an orator he had but few, if any equals. Some of his flights of eloquence before this Grand Lodge in former years, were marvels that ring in our ears today, and will never be forgotten. He possessed the superb delivery of Everett, fortified with the power of Webster; and, notwithstanding this, one of his conspicuous characteristics was his refinement — —humility.

"Nor is this all. He was as good as he was grand. Of his Masonic history nothing need be written here. The records of this Grand Jurisdiction teem with his glorious achieve-

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

ments, as do those of Colorado, where he had for so long a period made his home. He was like a spotless lily, standing by a cooling stream—— a source from which to draw every laudable inspiration."

[*Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Illinois, 1903, p. 171, From the address of Brother Joseph Robbins to the Grand Lodge:*]

"There are few men in this body — perhaps not more than half a dozen — who remember Brother Bromwell when he first appeared before the Grand Lodge of Illinois.

"Tall, straight as an arrow, with eagle eye, and hair of quite aboriginal blackness, talking in parables clad in quaint speech, fluent, yet measured as became his subject — such is the picture which stands out in my memory of the Grand Orator of this Grand Lodge in 1862.

"The same figure mounted upon a chair, alive all over, with tongue of fire, and the volubility of a Niagara,— denouncing as treason to Masonry, and the users thereof as foresworn, the cypher which played so prominent a part in the fierce conflict which raged over the subject of work in the early sixties — stands out as one of the dominant forces of the stormy convention at Bryan hall in 1863.

"The same figure, that of the newly installed Grand Master, alert, prompt, decisive, but wielding the gavel with singular moderation, and with almost over-generous recognition of the rights upon the floor, of those who but yesterday had been his opponents — is the picture my memory retains of the executive of 1865 and 1866. Such altogether is my recol-

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

lection of three aspects presented by the most singularly striking personality that has graced the presence and adorned the annals of this Grand Lodge since its organization."

"Looking backward through the perspective of the fleeting years, at him, and his compeers, I am sure that I reflect the feeling of all those who were a part of the events of that period, when I say — there were giants in those days,"

"Failing of a renomination for Congress — of which he was a member during and after his grand mastership, he sought a new field for his energies in the Territory of Colorado. There his abilities were quickly recognized. He became a member of the territorial legislature, of the convention which framed the constitution, and of the first, and subsequent state legislatures, and later was the commissioner to revise the statutes of the state: and in these capacities he left his impress all over the constitution and jurisprudence of the new commonwealth. His part in giving woman the ballot was so great that there was no one to dispute the title which he ever afterwards bore — that of the father of equal suffrage in Colorado."

"This gives you some idea of the forceful character of the man. His zeal for Masonry, and his love for it, knew no abatement with his change of residence; and while he lovingly remembered this Grand Lodge that had honored him, and preserved his affiliation with it, he took an active part in the affairs of the Fraternity in Colorado. He was made an honorary Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Colorado at an early day, and from that day on, no annual communication passed while he

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

was in health, that some opportunity was not found or made to draw from him an address upon the principles or symbolism of Masonry.

“As an adviser he was a principal factor in the revision of their code, and was the author of their funeral service, containing a remarkable, original Master Masons’ hymn, familiar, probably, to but few of you, as not many copies of this service have found their way to Illinois — a dirge which in its tremendous power of rhythm, language and thought, at once recalls the *Dies Irae*, one of the notable poems of the ages.

“At its last communication during his life, the Grand Lodge sent a committee to his bedside with greetings from his brethren and a message of encouragement and hope. But the hope proved vain. Tossed by the storms of nearly eighty winters, his worn and frail bark slipped from its moorings, and drifted out upon that silent, peaceful sea, of whose boundaries we know only the hither shore.

“Brother Bromwell’s mind was of a singularly subtle cast and it was so many-sided that it kept him in touch with all the affairs of men. Tap it on any side, and wisdom flowed, not simply because of his quick perception, for he had that, but because the subject had been thought out.

“Altogether, his was the most singularly striking personality that the Grand Lodge of Illinois has known since its organization.

“His mind was of that peculiar cast that he delighted in mysticism and symbolism. He might have flooded his time

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

with degrees whose rituals would have been worth the study of any man. But he was too safely anchored for that. He had too profound an appreciation of the value of the Masonry as defined and circumscribed by the landmarks; the Masonry of the Charges of a Freemason; the Masonry handed down to us in its simplicity and dignity by the fathers, to permit anything else, with him, to take its place. He recognized the fact that Masonry was the prophet of that altruism which permeates modern society, the environment of Masonry, where once it only permeated the Fraternity itself.

"Above all he recognized the tremendous power exerted by a pattern of free representative government — a pattern wrought out by the doctrine of equality springing from the brotherhood of man, and making Masonry a model commonwealth long before the enfranchising idea that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed had found lodgement in the world outside of the Fraternity. If I had time I would dwell for a moment upon the influence which the experimental knowledge gained in Masonry by the great men of our Revolution, of the possibility of a free, representative government, with only such limitations upon the liberty of the people as were self-imposed — had, in shaping and developing this government of ours.

"Brother Bromwell appreciated this, and because this pattern of a government resting on the consent of the governed is inwrought in the landmarks of masonry, he had held these landmarks as the apple of his eye; and could he have sent a last message to the Grand Lodge of Illinois, it would have been to preserve the landmarks above everything, not only because they are irrevocably entailed upon us, but because they embrace this principle of a government of men by themselves, the evangel and the hope of mankind in all ages to come."

T H E L U T E O F I S R Æ F E L,

Philharmon:

O the wond'rous things they tell
Of the Angel Isræfel !
He whose heart strings are a lute;
At whose voice the Heavens are mute;
Singer, who, as angels tell,
Doth all sons of God excel.
Would that could these ears of mine
Catch but once his strain divine !
All my soul would glow with bliss,
All my life be charmed from this;
Blessed are their ears who dwell
Near the lips of Isræfel.

Isræfel:

Who is this would hear my voice ?
Let his soul henceforth rejoice;
Hail O son of mortal birth,
Thou shalt hear my notes on Earth;
Thou shalt feel the holy spell
Of the voice of Isræfel.

THE LUTE OF ISRAEFEL.

Philharmon:

Hark! a rushing sound I hear,
Music fills the ethereal sphere.
List! what notes unheard before,
Through my inmost being pour!
In the rapture of their thrill
Breath departs and heart is still.

'Twas the sound of Angel wings;
Hail! 'tis Israefel who sings!
O the rapture of delight,
Who can speak its wond'rous height
Angel, whence such marv'lous tone?
Wherefore from thy lips alone?
Tell me why such transports dwell
In the tones of Israefel?

Israefel:

Know, thou mortal that the thrill
Which doth so thy spirit fill,
Cometh not from lip or tongue,
'Tis the lute within me strung;
Lute with strings of sweet accord,
By the finger of the Lord.
Touched with Three, and Five, and Seven,
Cardiac symphonies of Heaven;
This hath wrought the wond'rous spell

THE LUTE OF ISRAEFEL.

In the notes of Israefel.

Philharmon:

Would such ecstasy might flow
From the voice of man below !
Would that Heaven might grant to me
Such a lute as dwells in thee !
Round the Earth my feet would haste,
Vale and forest, field and waste
Isles and mountains, seas and plains
Live enchanted by my strains.
Human melodies grow tame,
Sirens' songs be put to shame,
Voices of all winds should be
Tuned to flutes of Heaven by me;
Sounds of waters all excel
Concords of the Naiad's shell:
Echoes of the glen and hill
In seraphic rondeaus trill;
Trees should be with passions fired,
Birds and beasts with souls inspired:
Human hearts delirious leap,
Angel eyes with rapture weep.

Grant me Heaven

 This marv'lous spell,

Grant this lute of Israefel !

THE LUTE OF ISRÆFEL.

Israefel:

Hold, thy heart is in the wrong,
Not for this is Heavenly song,
Selfish rapture thou wouldst gain,
Triumph for thy soul obtain;
Know that who this lute would bear,
First, with *all* the joy would share.
Know this wond'rous gift of mine
Is naught else than Love divine;
This alone hath wrought the spell
In the tones of Israefel.

Philharmon:

Woe is me, this voice to hear,
Fettered in this mortal sphere !
Woe is me, to thus have known
Gifts which ne'er can be mine own.
What is life, henceforth forlorn !
Better had I ne'er been born,
Would that God mine ears had cursed
Unto deafness from the first,
Ere I felt the charms which dwell
In the voice of Israefel.
Why should such a gift be given
Unto him alone by Heaven ?
Why should Heaven and Earth be dumb
If but Isræfel do come !

THE LUTE OF ISRÆFEL.

Instruments be put to scorn
Bird and beast be left forlorn;
Voice of man, as mine, in shame
Echoes but his worshipped name,
All as one condemned to swell
Triumphs of this Israefel!

Israefel:

Nay, 'tis well that thou didst hear,
For thy sake I now am here!
Didst thou sigh to hear my strain?
Wherefore dost thou now complain?
Knowst thou why thy heart is mute?
Who forbids to thee a lute?
Know thou that the Lord, in me
Wrought but that he would for thee.
Every heart his hands have made
Hath a lute with strings arrayed,
Hath a lute whose strings are seven,
Answering to the chords of Heaven:
Yet to place that harp in tune
Thou with Heaven must first commune.
'Tis but love divine which brings
Music from those hidden strings,—
Love divine whose sweet control
Tunes the harp of every soul!

THE LUTE OF ISRAËFEL.

This the Angel's song inspires,
Wakes the seraphs' holy fires,—
This about thy heart hath run,
Since its pulse of life begun.
Holy currents to and fro,
With its throbbing ebb and flow
But for this, thy selfish sin,
Filling every cell within;
Then would mystic cords full strung
Fill with melodies thy tongue.
Love and wisdom in degree,
Even as thy state may be.
If with love thy heart abound,
String'd with three thy lute shall sound;
If in wisdom thou excel,
Five the cords that then shall swell;
If thou art both good and wise
Seven-fold harmonies shall rise;
Such as those whose charms excel
In the notes of Israefel.

1868,

T H E R O Y A L A R C H.

THE LUTE OF ISRÆFEL.

T H E R O Y A L A R C H.

How fair the Mason's checquered floor,
How cheerful is the rugged march
When Friendship tiles the inner door,
And Love completes
The Royal Arch !

The quarry's toil is gladsome play,
The noisome crypt is holy ground,
And incense floats o'er ruins gray
From altars in
the desert found.

While those who grasp the dross of Earth,
Must strive thro' turmoil, pain and fear,
The jewels of celestial worth
Await the faithful
Master here.

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Let discord lead her frantic march,
And envy smite, and rage assail,
Companions of the Royal Arch
Walk arm in arm
within the veil.

8

T H E S A C R E D R I V E R S.

T H E S A C R E D R I V E R S.

Azrael:

Mortal, I have heard thy cry,
If thou seek me, here am I !
Wherefore hast thou called me so ?
What the secret thou wouldst know ?

Elkana:

Angel of the higher sphere,
Give me ease from pain and fear.
Hast thou not the hidden art
Life and pleasure to impart ?
Here I wander sad and lone,
All my path with tears is sown;
Gnawing cares my heart assail.
Pains above my strength prevail:
Naught avails my toiling here,
In this barren land and drear,
Deserts spread on every side,
Wasted streams and fountains dried,

THE SACRED RIVERS.

Fruit of vine and fig tree fall,
Corn and olive perish all;
And the reaper's hand receives
Brambles oft instead of sheaves.
I have heard of brighter skies
In a land called Paradise;
Heard that sacred rivers there,
Cleanse from sickness, pain and
care.

I would lave my wearied soul,
Where their living currents roll,
On their shores of bloom recline,
Gather corn and oil and wine;
Tell me Angel, thou dost know,
Where the Sacred Rivers flow !

Azrael:

Yes, I know a land that lies
In the light of blessed skies:
Life and health and pleasure there
Dwell in field and stream and air;
Winds of music fill the skies,
With the hymns of Paradise,
Springs of marv'lous beauty pour,
Trees of life bloom evermore,

THE SACRED RIVERS.

Shedding Heavenly manna sweet,
Angel's fruit that man may eat ;
Flowers of holiest incense grow,
There the Sacred Rivers flow.

Elkana.

Thou dost speak of Heavenly streams,
Only seen in holy dreams;
Those whereof the seers told
In the mystic leaves of old;
What are those to one like me,
Bound in life of low degree?
Though that blessed land be fair,
When did mortal venture there ?
Who would thither pass must brave
All the terrors of the grave !
Tell me of some land below,
Where such sacred rivers flow,

Azrael;

Yes, a land is found on Earth,
Where immortal springs have birth;
Where all tempests cease their strife,
And the plants yield balm of life,
Where the quickening airs assuage
Sorrow's pain and passion's rage;
Flowers of healing odors grow,
There the sacred rivers flow.

THE SACRED RIVERS.

Ellana:

Tell me then the name of each
How their charmed banks to reach,
What the dangers of the way?
How to compass them I may?
What high mountains intervene?
What dark rivers roll between?
What deep ocean's billows toss
And the deserts drear to cross?
What wild beasts or serpents dread,
Guard the paths that I must tread
Ere I yet may see and know
Where the sacred rivers flow?

Azrael:

Nay, the streams are at thy feet.
Near thy path their ripples beat;
All the land before thee lies,
'Tis the same called *Paradise!*
God's own garden standeth fair,
In the East of Eden there
Which the seers knew of yore,
With its sacred rivers four:
Streams by mortals such as thou
Oft discovered then as now,
Gihon, Pison, Hiddekel,

THE SACRED RIVERS.

And the Euphrates as well.
One in *beauty*, *southward* streams
Neath the sun's *meridian* beams —
One whose *strength* resistless flows,
To the golden *sunset* goes —
One with *silent* sweep doth roll,
Constant to the steady *pole*.
Crystal clear the fourth goes on,
To the portals of the *dawn*.
One in *Temperance* will control
All the passions of the soul;
One shall *Fortitude* impart —
Moral strength to nerve thy heart
One with Heavenly *Prudence* guide
All thy steps whate'er betide:
And the fourth thy heart incline
To the *Golden Rule* divine,
Bring thy selfishness to naught,
And to *Justice* all thy thought.
He who would these waters share
Must a golden vessel bear —
Charity, the cup divine —
Turneth water all to wine:
Only from this blessed bowl
Canst thou drink to fill the soul,
Purifying all within

THE SACRED RIVERS.

From the love of self and sin,
If thou taste these rivers four,
Thou mayst find an open door;
Those who are prepared and true,
Enter there, as thou mayst do:
Knocking thrice, for this thou must.
Showing thus in God thy trust;

Only be thou not dismayed,
By the cherub's turning blade:
For the Garden of the Lord
Lies beyond the flaming sword.

There the land thou seekest lies,
All its charms await thine eyes;
There the toil and tumult cease
And thy soul may learn of peace.
Warmth of Love and light of Truth
Keep thee in unfading youth.

There the flowers shed holy air,
Fruits of virtue ripen there —
Trees of life spread all their palms,
Singing winds conspire in psalms.
Streams of honey, milk and wine
Flow for every need of thine;

THE SACRED RIVERS.

Dews of Eden as they fall
Shed beatitudes on all.

Now thy feet are on the brink,
Take this cup of mine and drink,
Lest thou feel the flaming sword,
Take this signet of the Lord,
These will cause thine eyes to see,
Gates of Paradise to thee.
These long since had made thee know,
Where the Sacred Rivers flow !

TO H. G. R ————— .

[*On the death of his children.*]

Brother, pressed with anguish sore,
Wandering on the checquered floor,
Halting, weary, weeping lone
O'er thy precious jewels strown:

Let not all thy courage fail,
Let thy fortitude prevail;
For the Master leads not where
Strength and faith shall fail to bear.

Though upon thy way below,
Joys and sorrows with thee go,
Yet the woes that bid thee mourn
May not pass the mystic bourne.

Though the gloom divide the light
Still thy tessellled way is bright:
He who laid its ashlar fair,
Gave not *any* to *despair*.

To H. G. R —————

Those, thy loved ones, passed before,
Through the ever open door,
By His bidding ushered in,
Past the veils and cherubim,

Wouldst thou grieve to see them there,
In the inner chamber fair?
Wouldst thou sigh to hear their psalms?
Weep to see the immortal palms?

Look, upon that sea of glass
Never pain or sorrow pass;
See the many mansions fair,
And thy glorified are *there*.

Tho' their earthly bloom was laid
Where the smitten violets fade,
Tho' the damp and silent cell
Holds the forms thou lovedst so well,

Couldst thou see them as they are,
See the beauty now they bear
Joy would call thy heart away
Glory fill thy mortal day.

To H. G. R. ————— .

Soon, when thou, as these, shalt go,
Other loved ones' tears shall flow,
Other hearts with grief and pain,
Sigh for that, thy wond'rous gain.

Then shall light that doth arise.
For the upright bless thine eyes,
When thy angels hail thee in,
Past the veils and cherubim,

1862.

*Harmon G. Reynolds was Grand Secretary of the
Grand Lodge of Illinois when Bromwell was Grand
Master; he retired in 1867.*

F U R T H E R L I G H T.

F U R T H E R L I G H T.

Hail Brothers of the Rule and Line, who work by Truth,
and Honor's laws;

Still striving toward the Light divine, the dayspring of
our righteous cause.

The cause our ancient seers upbore, in lonely lands
though darkest night;

Still keeping in their mystic Lore, the prophecy of
"further Light."

And further Light spread Truth and Love, 'till now
the world begins to know

The *Fatherhood* of *God*, above, the *Brotherhood* of
Man, below.

And we, who caught their thought in part — how oft
we met, in former time,

To search for truths their "Royal Art," had woven
in the "*work*" sublime.

FURTHER LIGHT

And oft within the dimmest lore, — of ancient writ,
we sought and found

Some Jewel from their secret store — concealed of old
in Holy ground;

Concealed for those who seek aright, — as that
Foundation Stone of yore,

"First seen in Heaven" by Holy Light, — then — cen-
tre of the Master's floor.

And oft we met in concourse glad, to hail our chosen
rulers all,

And oft with spirits O how sad, — to bear for some
the funeral pall.

And this must be, 'till all shall go, and none shall
know that we were here, —

Yet what is lost to earth below, is treasured in that
higher sphere.

So one by one they passed the bourne, — whence none
returns to earthly sight —

While we await the hastening morn, — which ushers
each to "*Further Light!*"

*Bromwell wrote this poem as a greeting to Denver Lodge
No. 5; Lawrence N. Greenleaf printed it in his magazine
"The Square and Compass," in June, 1899*

T H E F A I T H F U L T Y L E R,

THE FAITHFUL TYLER.

T H E F A I T H F U L T Y L E R.

Hail trusty bearer of the sword
Which ever guards the Mystic door,
We greet thee here with one accord,
And hearts grown cordial more and more
Since first thy hand this symbol bore.

No sword of war or cruel hate
But truth's own sign, which flaming turns
Incessant to the narrow gate
By which the wanderer returns
To where the hidden glory burns.

We pledge thee here with ruby wine
And bread which true companions share;
The bowl which flows for thee and thine
We crown with friendship's garlands fair,
And fruits which old affections bear.

THE FAITHFUL TYLER.

For thee and thine let years increase,
While plenty fills her magic horn,
To shed thro' pleasant ways of peace,
Beyond the *Golden* wedding morn,
The precious wine and oil and corn,

Then bear thro' time thy symbol bright,
'Till all thy well wrought task is o'er,
When hands which guard the ports of light
Shall swing for thee the golden door
Which opens on the eternal floor.

This poem was composed for the silver wedding of the Gr. Tyler of Colorado, many years ago, and beautifully engrossed in India ink by the author. After the Tyler's death his family gave it to the Grand Lodge.

T H E T E S S E L L E D F L O O R .

THE TESSELLED FLOOR.

T H E T E S S E L L E D F L O O R.

All hail ye worthy sons of Light, allied in Honor,
Truth and Good,

Who 'round the altar meet tonight, where we so
oft together stood,

Say, mind ye still the golden band, which years
of friendship 'round us threw,

When heart with heart and hand in hand, I walked
the tesselled floor with you?

Now where our ancient tapers burn, the mystic
gavel summons all,

But some who went may ne'er return — while
changing moons the craft shall call.

For some in distant lands abide, 'and task and
journey still pursue,

Who wore your jewels side by side, and walked
the tesselled floor with you,

THE TESSELLED FLOOR.

Aye, long we passed together all, life's checquered
way thro' light and gloom;

Now met to throng the festal hall, now gathered
'round the open tomb.

On some we placed the badge of trust,—on some
the cassia's branch we threw,

Gave earth to earth and dust to dust, who walked
the tesselled floor with you !

But yet the jewel's light shall shine,—for all the
upright, near or far,

Who walk by plummet, rule and line, and follow
still the blazing star;

And still the cable wrought of old, extends the
earthly ground floor through,

To bind as one the scattered fold, who walked
the tesselled floor with you.

THE TESSELLED FLOOR.

Then fare-ye-well ! as oft I view — the “lesser
lights” ascend the sky,

The old affections burning new, shall bring your
distant circle nigh.

Be this my prayer, though temples fail, — and
arch and altar crumble too,

When “*Judah's Lion*” shall prevail, to walk the
Heavenly floor with you.

This greeting was written to his old Lodge at Charleston Ills.; he was always homesick for this Lodge; it had some brilliant members, Stanley B. Walker, William E. Ginther, and Horace Parcels being his very dear friends, all now passed away.

T H E L A D D E R O F B E T H—E L.

THE LADDER OF BETH—EL.

T H E L A D D E R O F B E T H — E L.

Sacathiel:

Angel with the eye of flame,
Known to mortals is thy name;
Oft to them didst thou unfold
Wond'rous things in days of old.
Tell me Angel, tell me where
Rises Israel's cloud-borne stair?

I have heard a tale of old,
Of a marv'lous ladder told —
One whose steps are seven times seven,
Reaching from the Earth to Heaven,
Seen by Patriarchal seers,
In the old and mystic years.
Thither would I haste and climb,
To its utmost rounds sublime:
Step by step go up, — and know
Things of life unseen below;

THE LADDER OF BETH—EL.

Clasp descending Angel's hands,
Climb with their ascending bands,
To the empyrean sphere
Where the jasper walls appear —
Pass the sapphire pillars there,
And the pearl-wrought portals fair,
Glorious gates that ever stand
Open toward the other land —
Enter there, and be at rest
In the mansions of the blest.
Wherefore Angel, tell me where
Is the place of Beth-el's stair,

Uriel;

Mortal, on no earthly land
Doth this holy ladder stand.
Tho' thou search o'er land and sea,
Vain shall all thy labor be,
Yet by those on mortal ground
May its heavenward steps be found —
Upright as the plummet's line,
Rise its two supports divine —
Love and wisdom; strong and fast —
Types of those by Hiram cast,

THE LADDER OF BETH—EL.

Matched in harmony sublime,
Seth beheld them in his time —
Cloud and fire, supremely grand,
Hosts of Israël saw them stand.

Still they rise, and ever there,
All the numbered rounds they bear,
Three and five, and seven and nine,
As the Sephiroth divine —
Principal of which are three,
Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

As of old, now even so,
Angels on them come and go:
Only there may none *descend*,
Save that some do first *ascend* —
As the seer beheld them there,
Pass they yet on Beth—el's stair.

Salathiel:

Tell what Angels did he see?
Would the same appear to me?
Tell me why at Luz alone
Was this sacred ladder shown?

THE LADDER OF BETH—EL.

Wherefore only then and there,
Man hatn seen this heav'n built stair?

Uriel:

Angels three beheld he there,
Friends of Abraham they were,
Who on holy mission bent,
Feasted at the Patriarch's tent,
Showing forth these, virtues three,
Faith, and *Hope*, and *Charity*:
And for purposes the same,—
Thro' the earth still went and came;
Thro' the world, and also there,—
Up and down on Beth-el's stair.

Salathiel:

Didst thou not declare to me,
None these stairs on earth may see?
But thou sayst they may be found,
Yet by those on mortal ground!
Wherefore hast thou spoken so?
Who can hence thy meaning know?
All this riddle now declare,
Touching Beth-el's mystic stair,

THE LADDER OF BETH—EL.

Uriel:

If thy soul will come with me,
Thou canst well this ladder see,
All its form behold, and know
How the Angels come and go,
Only thou must tread the ground
Which the seer by Haran found,
Of its stones thy pillow make;
Choosing those that he did take;
And thy cruise of oil prepare,
As did he at Beth—el's stair.

Salathiel:

How shall I the road endure
Till I scrip and purse procure?
See! My raiment worn and old
Shelters not from heat or cold:
Tempests on my head will beat,
Rocks and brambles tear my feet,
I must furnish hood and cloak,
Girdle strong and staff of oak,
Robe of stuff for pilgrim meet,
Cords and sandals for my feet,
Ere I on this journey fare,
To the place of Bethel's stair,

THE LADDER OF BETH—EL.

Uriel:

Nay, for those who go with me,
Neither clad nor naked be —
Those who gain that blessed land,
Neither shod nor barefoot stand;
Neither canst thou there, indeed,
Poverty or riches plead.

If to go thy heart incline,
Gird thee with this cord of mine —
With humility and love,
Put thy trust in One above.
Naked knee and bosom bare,
Thou mayst come to Beth-el's stair.

If to sanctify thy rest,
Oil of Love thy heart hath blest,
If thy pillow be in sooth
Of the chosen stones of Truth:
Thou mayst see in vision true
Holy things the patriarchs knew.
Thou mayst see that ladder rise
From the earth, to reach the skies —

THE LADDER OF BETH—EL.

See those beauteous angels three,
Bringing precious gifts for thee.
Thou mayst say upon this spot,
God is here ! I knew it not !
This, as God's own house I see;
This the gate of Heaven for me —
As the Seer did here declare,
Looking up — —
on Beth-el's stair.

This poem was published in "Square and Compass" in March, 1895, but may have been written at a much earlier date.

D I R G E.

Direful death!
Thy guage of terror
Spares the hearts
Of mortals never —
Shall thy weapon
Smite forever?
Who can pass
Thy square tremendous?
Who confront
Thy maul stupendous?
Who deliver —
Or defend us?
Helpless, hopeless
In confusion,
Face to face
With dissolution;
All must end
With life's illusion.

DIRGE.

Righteous Judge,
We dare implore Thee,
Quick and dead
Are here before Thee —
Wilt Thou save,
O King of glory?
Thou canst 'suage
Our desperation —
Thou Almighty
In creation;
So, Almighty
In salvation!

Hark ! th' Omnific
Word from Zion
See ! the sign
Of life undying.
Hail ! the grasp
Of Judah's Lion !

DIRGE.

Blessed Death !
Thy shrouded portal
Opens toward
The realms immortal ——
There the loved,
And lost, are found ——
Glory be to God
Eternal !
Glory to the *Word*
Supernal !
There the capstone lost,
Is found.

Glory to the *Love*
Supernal.
Glory to the *Word*
Eternal !
All by Love, the capstone,
Crowned.

D I R G E. (NO. 2.)

Woe! woe, for the lost
 who have gone:
Who sink in the gloom of the
 infinite night ---
The night which hath never
 a dawn;
We shrink from their graves as they
 pass from our sight,
To the shades where our fathers
 have gone,

Woe! woe, for the loving
 ferlorn ---
The bleeding hearts riven by sorrow
 and pain,
In dust and in ashes they
 mourn;
And strive to recall their beloved
 again,
From the land where our fathers
 have gone.

DIRGE.

Joy ! joy, for the lost who have
gone,
They have passed from our gloom
to the infinite light —
They hail the unspeakable
dawn —
The Day-spring which rises o'er sorrow
and night,
In the Home where our fathers have
gone

Joy ! joy, for the loving and
lorn —
For the ashes and dust unto them
shall be given,
The wine, and the oil and the
corn —
The bleeding hearts never again shall
be riven,
In the land where our fathers have
gone.

*The two dirges given here were among his last productions;
composed for the Burial Service of the Grand Lodge of Colora-
do, about 1895.*

A B R A H A M L I N C O L N.

A B R A H A M L I N C O L N.

Gone are the days of his glory,—
Days when the multitude listened,
With Senates in wisdom assembled,
Words of the leader to hear.
Fallen is the chief; and his mantle,
Cast on the choice of his people,
Presses like Saul's heavy armor,—
None of the striplings might bear.

Nay, 'tis the day of his glory —
Gone but the Senates that listened —
His is the day of humanity,
Rising henceforth to its fullness —
Now doth its brightness draw near;
Some may be rulers of senates,
Some rule the turbulent present —
He shall be master of ages,
Sending the voice of his presence.
On thro' the ports of the years.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Death, when he smiteth the greatest,
Pauses till Earth shall take notice —
Waits till the hearts of a nation
Bleed at one stroke of his hand.
Death, ere he smote him, the greatest,
Paused till the world had elected —
Held the dread blow, till a nation
Quailed at the sweep of his brand.

Death, in thy harvest unceasing,
Where dost thou garner thy reapings?
Hast thou a place in thy keeping
Where thou dost treasure thy sheaves?
Death, in thy harvest unceasing,
When thou hadst smitten the chieftain,
Didst thou not pause with thy reapers
Until thou hadst fitted a casket
Worthy such spoil to receive?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Death, in the sheaves of thy quiver,
Hadst thou no shaft to be wielded,
Save by the red hand of murder,
 Stained with the blood of all crime?

Hadst thou of all thy grim ministers
None that would serve at thy bidding,
Save this foul demon of murder,

 Damned with the curse of all time?
Saving fell murder and treason.

 Shaming all hell with their crime?

Well might a nation in trembling,
Ruler and captain and people,
Aged and stripling assembling,

 Walk in the sorrowing train!
Walk with the badges of sadness,
Walk to the semi-toned wailing,

 Poured in the funeral strain:
Strain which all instruments sounding
Caught from all spirits surrounding —
 Tones of all anguish and pain.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Slowly, mournfully, bear him
On, by the river and highland,
On, by the field and the homestead,
On, by the forest and plain;
Homesteads of freemen, his fellows,
Fields of their labors and glories,
River and highland and forest,
Spread for humanity's empire,
Liberty's ample domain.

Slowly, mournfully, warriors,
Cast ye the brotherly token —
Brave was the spirit and noble,
Firm was the arm that is broken,
Warm was the heart that is cold —
Slowly, mournfully, sages,
Heap ye the dust on his bosom;
Dust that was form of your master,
Now shall the sepulchre hold.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Mournfully, slowly, philanthropists,
Set ye the stones of his sepulchre —
Plant, all ye friends of humanity.

Evergreens round him and o'er:
Lost have ye toilers and friendless,
Brother and champion and more —
Slowly, silently, mournfully —
Backward all from his presence —

Leave him to rest while his country
Waits, at his feet evermore.

Oak, do thou guard well his resting,
For thou art noble and mighty,
And thou dost buffet the tempests

As he did buffet the storm.
Pine, cast thy shadow above him,
For thou over-towerest thy fellows,
So did he tower among others,
Such were his spirit and form,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Vine, do thou twine round his headstone,
For thy rich spirit brings gladness ---
So did the light of his presence ---
Crown with thy clusters his tomb:
Rose, do thou bend o'er his bosom,
Ever thou sheddest sweet odors ---
Such did the bloom of his virtues ---
Shed o'er his heart thy perfume;
Violet, shine at his footstone,
For humble and pure is thy bloom.

Death, when thy harvest is ended,
When thou thy spoil must surrender,
Wilt thou not wrestle with Michael,
Even as that spirit of old ---
Wrestle with strength for him also,
Even as the spirit of Evil
Wrestled for Moses of old?
Yes, but thy hand must deliver ---

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

All from thy grasp shall the Giver
Take, both the least and the greatest:
Naught of thy prey shalt thou hold —
This though thou clasp to the latest,
Still shall come forth from thy hold.

Slowly, mournfully, bear him ——
On to the hill everlasting ——
Where it looks forth to the day-spring,
Proud and serene as his fame ——
Looks o'er the green-vested prairies,
Broad as his boundless benevolence,
Calmly serene as his fame;
There with his people before him,
Statesmen and patriots lower him:
Well may ye bend o'er the ashes,
Who walked in the light of the flame.

L I N C O L N ' S B U R I A L,

L I N C O L N ' S B U R I A L,

They laid him in the low-arched tomb,
 Between the brook and curving hill.
The slender oaks stand silent all,
The sunlight and the shadows fall,
 Around him sweet and still.

The brook a tale, in symbols told,
 Repeats along the winding dell
The story of his humble birth,
The constancy and manly worth,
 Which made him loved so well.

LINCOLN'S BURIAL.

The May flowers gem the circling crest,
As jewels of his martyr crown;
Or like fond eyes with tear-drops dim,
The human eyes that weep for him,
Their azure disks look down.

Where hundreds of his people sleep
In nameless sepulchres around,
'Tis well that he who loved them best,
The Shepherd with his flock should rest,
In that secluded ground.

O tiny stream — of all on Earth,
Mayst thou with melodies draw near?
O simple flowers, of all that shine —
Were ye alone ordained to twine
A garland for his bier?

LINCOLN'S BURIAL.

O, holy hours, pass stilly o'er

That silent city of the dead !

That angels catch the softest sigh,

Of Pilgrim mourners kneeling by

The Patriot-Martyr's bed.

Note:

The first of these two poems was written soon after Lincoln's death, and appeared in the *Washington Chronicle*, and later in other papers. The last poem was composed after the entombment, and was published in papers of the date, and lately, with Eugene Parsons' *Poets of Colorado* in *The Trail*. (Aug. 1919.)

Bromwell, who was a member of Congress at the time, attended the burial, being Grand Master, and marched with other members of the Grand Lodge of Illinois, and many Masonic lodges.

He left Washington for Illinois several days before, and was to have returned eastward to meet the other members of the Illinois delegation, and the body, at an intermediate point, and join the escort to place of burial.

But, on reaching Springfield, he found the town in great distress, the people prostrated with sorrow. Many public officials had gone to meet the escort, and no one seemed to have courage to begin the work of draping the interior of the Capitol, or of

LINCOLN'S BURIAL.

the hall where the bier must be erected; he knew that this should be prepared in a fine style, and he at once found the architect of the State House, and also the artist George Wright, (a painter of Lincoln,) and together they planned a most beautiful arrangement.

So, instead of going back, to return with the others, Bromwell stopped in Springfield, working, with the people, day and night, without sleep, and almost without food. He cut out all the silver stars which he placed in the clouds of black crepe over and about the catafalque, hung the curtains of velvet, and the work was finished but shortly before the sounding whistle of the train heralded the arrival of the escort with the body.

As they viewed their lovely, harmonious, completed design, Bromwell, (who knew the General,) suggested that they send out for spikes, and fasten the catafalque down so the composition could not be changed; this was done, and he drove in the first ones, Wright and the others following, until all were in the floor, six on each side.

So soon as the body arrived, the General gave a command to have the head turned the other way.

A squad of soldiers moved upon it with gusto, but it remained firm, and the General experienced the pain of changing his mind.

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